

"WE'RE MEXICAN BRACEROS"

(To be sung to the tune of "No Take-Home Pay---Again TODAY, --Jose!"
I.

WE'RE THE MEXICAN BRACEROS, AND WE SING OUR MARCHING SONG.
AND THOUGH YOU SELDOM SEE US, WE'RE 500,000 STRONG.
WE TOIL IN THE TOMATOES, AND WE THIN THE SUGAR BEETS,
STILL OUR POCKETS NEVER JINGLE WHEN WE'RE WALKING DOWN
THE STREETS.

II.

WE'D LIKE TO SEND SOME MONEY TO OUR WIVES AND LITTLE KIDS,
BUT WE JUST DON'T GET THE MONEY, 'CAUSE THEY'VE GOT US ON
THE SKIDS.
WE'VE GOT TO PAY FOR WHERE WE SLEEP, AND FOR OUR BEANS
AND SOUP.
NO MONEY FOR THE DOCTOR WHEN THE BABY'S GOT THE CROUP.

III.

WE'D LIKE TO EARN A LIVING WAGE, LIKE OTHER FELLOWS DO,
BUT FOR EVERY JOB THAT TAKES A MAN--THEY HIRE AN EXTRA TWO.
WE HAVE TO WAIT OUR TURN TO WORK, AND PAY FOR EVERY MEAL.
WE END UP BROKER THAN BEFORE, OH BROTHER, WHAT A DEAL!

IV.

SURELY THERE'S A HEAVEN WHERE A WORKING MAN CAN GO,
WHERE HE WON'T BE EXPLOITED, WHERE THE MILK AND HONEY FLOW.
WHERE LABOR-CAMPS ARE NOT HOTELS (that crowd you in like
sheep,)
WHERE A MAN CAN EARN SOME MONEY ABOVE HIS BOARD AND KEEP.

V.

OF COURSE WE'VE GOT TO REALIZE WE ARE THE CHOSEN FEW,---
AND IF WE DARE TO BELLYACHE, THEY HIRE SOMEBODY NEW.
WE LEFT OUR HOME AND CHILDREN, AND THOUGHT WE'D SOON BE
RICH,
BUT I GUESS WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT JUST A-DIGGING IN A DITCH.

VI.

WE THOUGHT YOU FOLKS RAISED BUMPER CROPS, AND HAD TO GET
THEM IN,---
WE THOUGHT THAT YOU'D APPRECIATE THE CHANCE TO HIRE SOME MEN,
BUT THIS IS JUST A RACKET TO HOUSE AND FEED IN CAMPS---
WHERE WE REAP A BOUNTIFUL SUPPLY OF STOMACH ILLS AND CRAMPS.

VII.

The MEN WHO RULE IN MEXICO HAVE SENT US HERE BECAUSE---
THE MEN WHO RUN YOUR COUNTRY HAD PASSED THE PROPER LAWS.
NOW THE FARMERS SOON WILL SUFFER--(FOR THE CAMPS HAVE SEEN
THEIR DAY,)
THE'LL WISH AGAIN FOR THE EXPLOITED MEN---WHO GOT NO
TAKE-HOME-PAY!!

Anon.

~~(Manana is soon enough for me.)~~